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OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

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C. W. ELLER,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Book and Job Printing
EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

POETRY.

[ORIGINAL.]

Lines written at the Homestead.

It will open this window, and let in the air,
Altho' my dear father sits not in his chair;
It gladly would see the bright sunbeams illumine
This long closely curtained and desolate room.

There, now the fresh breeze on my cheek softly plays,
And I hear the sweet language of long banished days:
I perceive in the vines and the blossoms, a voice
Which forbids me to weep, tho' I cannot rejoice.

My father, how oft when thy dwelling I've near'd,
Hath thy broad, noble brow at this window appear'd:
'Twas the place where at noon and at eve thou didst look
With a scholar's delight on thy paper or book.

I miss thee, dear father, the sun brightly shines,
And the voice of glad Summer is heard in the vines;
I see the tall trees in their graceful ways
But my thoughts hover over thy green sodded grave.

Notwithstanding all nature is glowing in light,
Here is much to remind me of sorrow and blight:
How unlike is the still, empty house to the home
To which in past days with such joy I have come!

On the threshold no parent with greetings doth stand,
No friend and no sister extendeth the hand:
The grass in the pathway luxuriant springs,
And the long fasten'd door half unwillingly swings.

Oh, my father, my father, thy children have come
Once more to their lov'd, but now desolate, home:
We delight so to call it, 'tis hallow'd by tears,
And trace'd on our hearts by the pencil of years.

Dark thy spirit, my father, no longer here still,
And, unseen, thou dost the chords which so painfully thrill:
Shall we meet not again till life's struggle is o'er,
And our fast sailing barques touch eternity's shore?

OTTOHA.

SNOW'S FALLS.

It is no dread Niagara frowning down
O'er mighty cliffs, making the earth to quake,
Filling all nations of the world with awe;
Or deep Missouri's river tumbling o'er
The mighty rocks; but one small humble stream,
Scarcely noticed by the world; thus rises here
Mid our own hills, and flows through our own vales.

Thou art our own,

Dear Androscooggin! And around thy name
Are clustering pleasant memories. May-day walks
Are lived again; we see again the group
Of smiling faces gathered on thy shores
To celebrate the Spring's return, and find
The May-dew, and the innocence, meanwhile
Startling thy echoes with their merry laugh;
Voices thy stream will hear, perhaps no more!

And thy green island is a cool retreat
In the hot summer's day. Away from sound
Of man, unless the woodman's axe is heard;
Falling thy forests, then, no sentiment
Inspires the deed; to cast into the stream;
And feed the mill ere on thy shores.
Thy falls are the sole wonder of thy course,
And they are wondrous. Where the waters pass
Between two rugged hills, suddenly compressed
Within a chasm of the solid rock,

They fret, and rage, and roar against the sides,
Dashing impetuous o'er obstructing rocks,
Whitened with foam they reach the river's bed,
Coveting its surface with a snowy sheet.
Some old traditions linger round thy name.
'Twas many years ago, while wigwags yet
Were in our woods; when herds of Moose came down
To drink from out their pond, from off the Mount
Where Molly Locket lived within her cave;
The hunter's gun was heard amid the hills,
Re-echoing as it were in triumph o'er
The stately Moose's death. The red men heard
And spoke unto each other. "Shall we leave
Our hunting-grounds to the weak pale-faces?
Or shall we drive them from us?"

One morn an Indian and a hunter met
Within the narrow pass; above them rose
The steep hill-side, and far beneath their feet
The river, swollen by the heavy rains,
High on the mossy rock was rolling on
In foaming madness to the gulf beneath.

Each stood and glared
A moment on the other; and each knew
That one must die! 'Twas but a moment, yet
Long years were in it, for his whole past life
Rushed on the white man's mind, he seemed to see
His wife and children watching his return
Till Hope grew sick, and then was Agony;
And earth looked fair around him; but he saw
The powerful red-man with revengeful scowl,
And 'neath him roared the waves.

'Twas a short, fearful struggle, then a shriek
Rose high above the waters: all was done!
The Indian fled,
And told his brethren—White men came to spy
Our land. One of them has been taught the height
Of the steep cliffs; his pale-faced squaw will look
From out his wigwag, but shall watch in vain
For his return. A flake of snow has fallen
Mid the white foam! And then the shout arose.
Long years have passed since then. The Moose is known
Not as the creature of a former time.

Altho' the little pond still bears their name.
And Molly Locket's Mountain scarce can show
A relic of her dwelling. White men plough
The fields where once the Indian shot the deer.
The narrow pass above the Falls is changed
Into a highway, and the travellers pass
To gaze, and, if the stream is low, (as 'tis
In the hot months of summer) to pass down
Upon the rock, and see the chasm scooped
Within the solid Granite; speculate
Upon the time the waters and the rocks
Have whirled about within it, to wear out
Its present size, and how large it may be
A century hence.

And then advancing to the waters edge
Gaze down into the chasm. See the white waves
Dash against the impervious sides of their rough path,
Hear their loud roaring echoed by the rocks,
And feel the weakness of the creature, man,
The power and glory of Creator,—God. S.

MISCELLANEOUS.

An Adventure in Rhenish Prussia.

BY M. DUMAS.

After being robbed by the inn-keeper at Liege, he gets into the Aix-la-Chapelle diligence; and, on reading the printed ticket that has been given to him at the coach-office, finds that he has the fourth seat, and that he is forbidden to change places with his neighbors, even by mutual consent.

"This military sort of strictness, still more than the abominable jargon of the position, made me aware that I was about to enter the dominions of King Frederick William. As I had a corner of the coach, the tyranny of his Prussian majesty was tolerably endurable, and I soon fell fast asleep. About three in the morning, just as day was breaking, I awoke, and found that the diligence was standing still. I at first thought there was an accident, and put my head out of the window to see what was the matter. No accident had happened; no other coach was near—the road was excellent. We were alone and motionless. I took my ticket out of my pocket, read it from one end to the other, and having satisfied myself that I was not forbidden to speak in the diligence, I asked my neighbor if we had been standing there long.

"About twenty minutes," was the answer.
'And pray,' continued I, 'can you tell me what we are doing here?'

'We are waiting.'
'Ah! we are waiting. And for what?'

'For the time.'
'What time?'

'The time at which we are allowed to arrive.'
'There is a time for arriving, then?'

'Everything is fixed in Prussia.'
'And if we arrived before the time?'

'The conductor would be punished.'
'And if after?'

'He would also be punished.'
'Ah! that is very well arranged.'

'Everything is well arranged in Prussia.'
I bowed assentingly. Not for words would I have contradicted a gentleman possessed of such an exalted opinion of his country and its institutions and who answered my questions as courteously and incomparably. My acquiescence appeared to gratify him. I felt encouraged, and continued my inquiries.

'Pardon me, sir, but at what hour ought the diligence to arrive at Aix-la-Chapelle?'

'At twenty-five minutes to five.'
'But if the conductor's watch were slow?'

'His watch can never be slow.'
'Indeed! And why so?'

'Opposite to where he sits, and under lock and key, there is a watch which is regulated before starting by the clock at the coach office.—The conductor knows at what hour he should pass through each town and village on his route, and he makes the postillions hurry or slacken their pace accordingly, so as to arrive at Aix-la-Chapelle exactly the right time.'

'But with those precautions, how is it that we are obliged to wait upon the road?'

'The conductor has doubtless followed your example, and slept, and the postillions have taken advantage of that to go quicker.'

'Well, since we have still some time to remain here, I will get out and stretch my legs a little.'

'It is not allowed to get out of the diligence in Prussia.'

'Indeed! That is very agreeable. I wished particularly to look at the castle on the other side of the road.'

'That is Eimnaburg. It is the scene of the famous legend of Eginhard and Emma.'

'Really? Be so obliging as to change places with me for a moment, that I may look at it through the window.'

'I should be most happy, sir, but in Prussia it is not allowed to change places.'

'True, true! How could I forget it? I beg your pardon, sir.'

'These tanned Frenchmen, they do nothing but chatter and talk!' said a fat German sitting opposite to me, opening his mouth for the first time since we had left Liege, but still keeping his eyes shut.

'You were saying, sir—?' said I, not particularly gratified by the remark.
'I say nothing—I sleep!'

'Sleep as much as you like, but try not to dream aloud, oh? Or if you dream, dream in your mother tongue.'

'The German began to snore.
'Postillon, forwards!' shouted the conductor. We were all off at a gallop. I put my head out of the window to try to get a view of the ruins, but it was all in vain; they had disappeared

behind an angle of the road. At twenty-five minutes to five, not a second later or earlier, we drove into the coach-yard at Aix-la-Chapelle.'

THE BLACKSMITH AT THE BATTLE OF BRANDYNE.—And now I have given you some instances of courage and heroic daring among those high in station and renowned in fame. One instance more—an example of reckless courage.—The hero was a stout blacksmith—aye an humble blacksmith, but his stout frame hardened by toil, throbbled with as generous an impulse of freedom as ever beat in the bosom of a Lafayette, or throbbled round the heart of a mad Anthony Wayne.

It was in the full tide of retreat, that a follower of the American camp, who had at least shouldered a cart-whip in his country's service, was driving a baggage wagon from the battle field, while some short distance behind a body of Continentals were rushing forward, with a troop of Britishers in close pursuit.

The wagon had arrived at a narrow point of the bye road leading to the south, where two high banks of rock and Craig arising on either side, afforded just space sufficient for the passage of his wagon, and not an inch more.

His eye was arrested by the sight of a stout, muscular man, some forty years of age, extended at the foot of a tree at the very opening of this pass. He was clad in the coarse attire of a mechanic. His coat had been flung aside, and with the shirt sleeves rolled up from his muscular arm, he lay extended on the turf, with his rifle in his grasp, while the blood streamed in a torrent from his right leg, broken at the knee by a cannon ball.

The wagoner's sympathies were arrested by the sight—he would have paused at the very instant of his flight, and placed the wounded blacksmith in his wagon, but the stout hearted mechanic refused.

'I'll not get into your wagon,' he exclaimed, in his rough way; 'but I'll tell you what I will do. Do you see yonder cherry tree on the top of that rock that hangs over the road? Do you think you could lift a man of my build up that? For you see, neighbor,' he continued, while the blood flowed from his wound, 'I never meddled with the Britishers until they came trampling over this valley and burned my house down. And now I'm all riddled to pieces, and ha'n't got more than fifteen minutes life in me! But I have got three good rifle balls in my cartridge box, and so just pop me up against that cherry tree, and I'll give 'em the whole three shots, and then,' he exclaimed, 'and then I'll die!'

The wagoner started his horses ahead and then with a sudden effort of strength, dragged the blacksmith along to the foot of the cherry tree surmounting the rock by the road side.

In a moment his back was propped against the tree, his face was to the advancing troops, and while his shattered leg hung over the bank, the wagoner rushed on his way, while the blacksmith very coolly proceeded to load his rifle.

It was not long before a body of American soldiers rushed by with the British in pursuit. The blacksmith greeted them with a shout, and then raising his rifle to his shoulder, he picked the foremost from his steed, with an exclamation, 'that's for Gen. Washington.' In a moment the rifle was loaded, again it was fired, and the pursuing British rode over the body of another fallen officer. 'That's for myself!' cried the blacksmith. And then with a hand strong from the feelings of coming death, the sturdy freeman again loaded, again raised his rifle. His last shot was as another soldier kissed the sod, the tear quivered in the eye of the dying blacksmith, 'And that,' he cried with a husky voice which strengthened into a shout, 'And that's for mad Anthony Wayne!'

Long after the battle was past, the body was discovered, propped against the tree, with the features frozen in death, smiling grimly, whilst the right hand grasped the never failing rifle.

And thus died one of the ten thousand brave mechanic heroes of the revolution, brave in the hour of battle; undaunted in the hour of retreat; undismayed in the hour of death.

MAN. We find this following rich morsel in one of Dow's sermons:

'Man looks upon life just as he does upon the women—there's no living with them, and he can't live without them. He will run after them and rather than be held he will lose coat tail and his character—kisses them for love, and kicks them for leading them into trouble. So with life I say; he partakes of its pleasures, and then d—s it for its pains; gathers bouquets of bliss, and when blossoms have faded, he finds himself in possession of a bunch of briars; which is all owing to a little incident that occurred in Paradise, when man was as green as a tobacco worm, and as unsuspicious as a tree toad in a thunder storm.—He was told to increase and multiply, and so he accordingly increased his cares and curses, multiplied his miseries, and peopled the world with a parcel of candidates for perdition! and I am one of them.'

TEMPTATION.—To resist temptation once, is not sufficient proof of honesty. If a servant, indeed, were to resist the continued temptation of silver lying in a window, as some people let it lie, when he is sure his master does not know how much there is of it, he would give a strong proof of honesty. But this is a proof to which you have no right to put a man. You know, humbly speaking, there is a certain degree of temptation which will overcome any virtue. Now, in so far as you approach temptation to a man, you do him an injury; and, if he is overcome, you share his guilt.—Johnson.

MAN A SENTIENT BEING. Thought, which expresses the highest activity of the soul, has been regarded as a purely intellectual act, and intellect has been defined to be the thinking faculty, as distinct from activity or sensibility. Thought is looked upon as something dry and cold; and a 'man of thought' would designate a man without soul, without heart, destitute of love or sentiment, living only in abstractions. But there are no abstractions in actual life. A purely intellectual being may, as it has been said, be conceived of, but such a being man is not. Such a being might indeed think, that is, know, but thinking and knowing in such a being could not and would not be what they are in us. Man is the essence sentiment. He cannot divest himself of his sensibility, for he cannot divest himself of himself. Always and everywhere, then, must he feel. When he acts, acts where or to what he will, he must feel. He can perform no dry, cold intellectual act. Even the metaphysician, pouring over his abstractions, withered and dry as he seems, is still a man, and has a heart; and after days, weeks, months, and years of painful watching and laborious study, truth at last dawns on his soul, and he grasps his solution of the problem which had tortured his heart, he too is moved, and in a sort of parturition exclaims, 'I have found it, I have found it!'—Brownson.

ABORIGINES OF AUSTRALIA.—Every nation is subject to the visits of the aborigines, who still cling to the haunts where they have been reared in despite of the intrusion of the white man and his flocks, whose presence, and especially the spreading numbers of the latter, speedily scare away the game that formed their principle means of subsistence before the arrival of the colonists. At the station where I was residing a small party appeared to have fixed their abode for a season, contrary to the usual practice of the tribes, whom no temptations can induce to forsake their wandering habits and attach themselves to a particular locality. So engrafted is this propensity in their nature, that every other consideration by which they are influenced, sinks before it; and rather than forego the pleasures of a change of scene, the horde will take up its encampment among an abundance of game, and remove to a site where their success in hunting can scarcely satisfy their wants. It is, no doubt, an easy matter for the tribe to do this, as beyond the implements used in the chase, they are burdened with little baggage, and that little of the most portable description. At night a few boughs, resting against each other, serve as a defence against the elements to those who consider the shelter thus afforded worth the trouble of erecting it; the majority, however, being too well satisfied with the possession of a blanket or opossum-cloak to demand any other protection than the fire at their feet.—A summer in Port Philip.

THE HEART. Few people hold close communion with their own hearts. It is a terrible thing to question it continuously, and tell the truth of its replies, wrung out fraction by fraction, till the questioner seems himself revealed and humbled at the relation. There is far more profound and far reaching knowledge than most men are willing to perceive in the Hebrew poet—'The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked! And yet man need not be thus deceived. It is because they dare not learn the truth—this fear, once or twice I have torn the mask away, and looked on the nakedness of the heart—but I shut my eyes and tried to cheat myself into the belief that there was no evil there.—I will not confess it now. It is not a difficult matter to know more of our neighbor than ourselves, for we do not fear to study him. We read him as an open book, and though we cannot pry closely into every page, we can peruse the table of contents, and learn more than we should be able to tell. I thank God for the restraining influence which he throws around man—for his motions without and within, to cherish the spirit of good in the human heart, that it may not wholly die.

CHASTITY.—How large a portion of chastity is sent out of the world by distant hints, nodded away, and cruelly winked into suspicion by the envy of those who are past all temptation of it themselves. How does the reputation of a helpless creature bleed by a report—which the party, who is at the pains to propagate it, that she is heartily sorry for it—hopes in God, it is not true; however, as Archbishop Tillotson wittily observes upon it, is resolved, in the mean time, to give the report her pass, that at least it may have fair play to take its fortune in the world—to be believed or not, according to the charity of those into whose hands it shall happen to fall.—Sterne.

BENEFITS AND INJURIES.—There needs no greater subtlety to prove that both benefits and injuries receive their value from the intention, when even brutes themselves are able to decide this question. Tread upon a dog by chance, or put him in pain upon the dressing of a wound; the one he passes by as an accident, and the other, in his lashon, he acknowledges as a kindness; but offer to strike at him, and though you do him no hurt at all, he lies yet in the face of you, even for the mischief that you barely meant him.—Seneca.

'My son,' said a pious old lady to her son, after she had read to him a chapter from scripture relating to Jonah, 'how must Jony ha' felt when the whale swallowed him?'

'Sort o' down in the mouth, I s'pose' replied the little rascal.

Draw your children to you by real kindness—let them see that you study their best interest and happiness rather than your own pleasure and convenience. Take especial pains to make home the most pleasant place on earth to them. This will effectually keep them from bad company.—The memory of home 'home, sweet home,' happy early associations and a mother's love, watchfulness and prayers, have been the talisman which has enabled many a soul to bear up and buffet in after years against the winds of adversity and the tide of temptation which have assailed them through a long life—and who shall limit the extent of a mother's influence?

LOVE LETTER EXTRAORDINARY.—The following very touching epistle was found in Woodside, carefully folded in a piece of dirty colored blue paper, like that used by grocers. An epistle so cloyingly sweet can only have emanated from the pen of one of the fraternity. 'My:—Dearest—, I was very much struck with your unearthly beauty the other Sunday in the place of worship. Tell me are you a Angel from the Realm of Bliss come here for to lay waste hearts like mine, so susceptible to love. Those blue eyes of yours, which expresses love so strong, and also those sweet cheeks and lips were made for kissing. You know your charms would melt a Samson, and oh if you resist my importunings, I shall dissolve away and be no more.—Excuse this dearest.— Love to your sister.'

SCRIPPLES OF A SAVAGE. M. Dumontier, a Frenchman, has been 'round the world,' at the expense of his government, collecting skulls and casts of the great family of man. Many savage tribes, attaching great sacredness to the remains of the dead, were loth to gratify his scientific cravings. One of the natives of a most ferocious tribe of the Malays, of whom M. Dumontier requested a skull, tendering him silver in exchange, offered to go and decapitate an enemy immediately for him, and give him the skull; but would not allow him to touch the bones resting in the tomb.

Slander and scandal differ much in the manner of their attack. Slander is 'the pestilence that walketh in darkness,' but scandal is 'the destruction that wasteth at noonday.' Scandal seldom looks forward to the consequences of its acts, and sometimes repents of them; slander ever looks at the result of its labors, and is disappointed if it fail in its object. Slander is deliberate; scandal is thoughtless. Malice is the companion of the one; folly is the comrade of the other.

If husbandry is made respectable as it ought to be, it will serve to check one of the greatest evils that now bear heavily upon the community—the rush of our young men into the learned professions, which are filled to overflowing, especially the law; which, under the present wretched course of legislation, of making litigation cheap is starving this once honorable and most useful profession.

SENTIMENT.—Behold, my Flora, how glorious Nature looks in her bloom! The trees are filled with blossoms, the wood is dressed in its green livery, and the plain is carpeted with grass and flowers.

'Yes, Charles, I was thinking of the same thing. These flowers are dandelions, and they are gathered and put into a pot, with a piece of good fat pork; they make the best greens in the world.'

'Are you a democrat?' 'No, stranger, I'm a shoemaker.' 'Oh you don't understand me.' 'I mean what part do you take in politics?'—'Polly Ticks, I don't know any gal by that name; I reckon she don't live in these diggings.'

We notice in a North Carolina paper, the marriage of Mr James Plank to Miss Rebecca Playne. If that plank don't get the rough edges played off, we are no judges of 'human nature.'

WELL SAID. Never trust a married man with a secret who loves his wife, for he will tell her—and she will tell her sister—and her sister will tell any body and every body.

Dr. Franklin observed: 'The eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but my self were blind, I should want neither fine horses nor fine furniture.'

A negro woman named Tina Lewis, died at Key west a few days since, at the astonishing age of 117 years. She retained her faculties to the last.

The 'War Club,' a Clay coat paper at Pittsburgh, has given up the ghost. It is said it was choked to death.

A Mr. Kettalblack, of Illinois, has married a Potts. This is the latest news we hear about the 'pott's' calling the 'kettle-black.'

An exchange paper says that an old bachelor is a living libel upon his father and mother.—Who are the authors of this libel?

'It's werry convenient to find one's self married, not only to your wife, but to all her relations as lives within fifty miles round.'

'I wish to introduce a bill for the destruction of worms,' said a woodpecker member in a stumpy speech.

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LEWISTON, THURSDAY EVE., AUGUST 6, 1844.

FRIEND MILLER.—The democrats have had a glor-
ious gathering at this place to-day. The best judges say,
at least 1500 or 2000 people were present this afternoon.
The people, (a large portion of whom were farmers)
came up from all directions, from Lincoln, Cumberland,
Kennebec and Old Oxford. The "birds" came in, in
droves, some towns turning out their hundreds and fifty
of these celebrated "coon skins" and indeed no section
of Eastern Oxford was left unrepresented. The very
best feeling prevailed the meeting. The Brunswick &
Topsam delegation came in preceded by a band of
music, which by their enlivening strains, added much
to the interest of the occasion.

A platform, erected last week by the whigs, for their
District Convention meeting, and which was not used
by them, in consequence of the rain, which frightened
the "coons" into the Baptist Meeting House, was oc-
cupied by the several speakers, and around which was
gathered the vast multitude to hear. The meeting was
called to order by Col. Frye, of Lewiston, who nomi-
nated N. S. Littlefield as President of the day. Mr.
Drummond made the most fervent and eloquent appeal
to the Throne of Grace.

The meeting was successively addressed by J. W. Brad-
bury Esq., of Augusta—Col. Andrews of Dixfield, Col.
French of Nobleborough and Speaker Dunn of Poland.
Mr. Bradbury made a capital speech on the Tariff and
Texas questions. For logical reasoning—clear and lu-
cid illustrations, and convincing argument, Mr. B. has
few equals, and notwithstanding bodily indisposition
under which he labored he made one of his best efforts.

At two o'clock a procession was formed on the west
side of the river, under the direction of Adjutant Gen-
eral Redington, as Chief Marshal aided by his assistant
Marshalls—Genls. Perry, Clark, Bolster, and Col. An-
drews acted in the last mentioned capacity from Oxford.
The procession, preceded by the Band, marched in sec-
tions of four to the place occupied by the speakers.

After being seated, Ex-Gov. Fairfield arose to address
the multitude and was received with three deafening
cheers. He spoke about an hour and a half in his usual
happy style. His speech was acknowledged on all hands
to have been a masterly effort. As a public speaker,
Gov. Fairfield has few equals and no superiors in this
State.

Mr. Clifford, of Newfield, followed Gov. F. in a speech
abounding in facts, statistics and figures on the Tariff
question; in which the coon doctrine of protection, for
the sake of protection, was "knocked into a cocked
up hat."

Col. Lane of York Co. and Mr. Streeter, of Turner,
addressed the assembly, after which, the multitude gave
three cheers for Polk and Dallas, and three more for
Gov. Anderson and then retired.

The doctrines and policy of the democratic party were
clearly laid down by the several speakers—enthusiasm
seemed to prevail on all sides, and I believe the dem-
ocrats who have attended this meeting, have all gone
home destined to act well their part till Polk, Dallas
and Anderson are all elevated to the high and important sta-
tions, to which they will certainly be called by the A-
merican freemen. P. P. Q.

OTISFIELD, THURSDAY AUGUST 8, 1844.

FRIEND MILLER.—I have just come of an amal-
gamation meeting composed of coons, Abolitionists, and
a few democrats who came in as spectators, which has
commenced in Mr. Richardson's meetinghouse, in this
town, to continue to-day and to-morrow.

Well, the call was made announcing a public discus-
sion was to take place between the Whigs and Abol-
itionists, accordingly the "great guns" of both parties
made their appearance. Gen. Fessenden, Gen. Apple-
ton and Col. Miller of Vermont led on the abolition for-
ces—while Gov. Kent with his "civil posse" composed
of George Evans, F. H. Morse, Wm. P. Fessenden and
Josiah S. Little, appeared as the vanguard of the Coons.

Gen. Fessenden opened the discussion in a speech
over two hours long in which he cut with a two edged
sword, first into the whigs then into the coons—Gen. F.
being an old federalist himself, and having had much
experience in whig devilry, came out in strong terms
with his exposures of the dangerous tendency of whig
principles and handled his old allies without gloves—
He told Geo. Evans, that he and John Davies were
"tipped out of the tale end of the cart" at the Whig
National Convention, as candidates for the Vice Pres-
idency, because they belonged to the North and Freling-
uysen selected only because he lived in the Slave State
of New Jersey.

He referred to the "gum game" the abolitionist played
upon themselves by voting in '40 for old Tip and
Capt. Tyler—and warned his Whig Abolition brethren
not again to practice an inconsistency, by voting for
Clay.

Gen. F. was followed by Mr. Evans, who took the
occasion to make a real out and out coon speech scarcely
referring to the abolitionists, and uttering a long tirade
of abuse and misrepresentation, directed solely to the
democrats. The old Tariff hobby of protection, was
harped upon—Gen. Jackson's abuse of the Indians raked
up from the sleeping ashes of the dead—Van Buren's
Florida war was fought over, &c. &c. &c. In his
conclusion he told the abolitionists the only way to abolish
slavery was to vote for Henry Clay—an idea so supremely
ridiculous that even Evans himself could hardly re-
frain from laughing while declaring it.

The democrats, tho' earnestly solicited to join them
in giving battle to the Abolitionists, chose (and wisely
in my opinion) to be merely "lookers on in Venice."
With them is a kind of "skunk and hedgehog fight,"
sparing little which "ticks." Altho' they might wish to
reply to some of the foul and flagrant misrepresentations
of the speakers of both sides of the high contending par-
ties; still prudence would dictate to them, to avoid any
kind of coalition with the Federal party.

Altho' Mr. Evans appeared exceedingly sensitive on
the question of private character (perhaps in part from
selfish motives), still Clay's corruptible habits, and prin-
ciples will be fearfully exposed, and in the end operate
a signal defeat. Polk and Dallas onward, onward, and
the watchwords of the Otisfield democracy.

Yours truly, O. P. Q.

Not so fast.—The Whig Papers, Kennebec Journal
and Lincoln Telegraph say that Morse is sure of a re-
election. We say "he can't come it." Morse is a fine
fellow, but his political principles have been proved and
heard among us and they smelt so strong of whiggery
we intend to give him leave of absence from Congress,
securing to him the right to stay at home. This is no
easier said than done; so prepare for defeat.

The Democrats on hand!—We shall soon have a State
Meeting in this County. Our friends are waking up. Every
Democrat is on the look out. Stand back, Whiggery,
and make room for the Democracy of "Old Oxford." The Bears
and Lyons are beginning to growl. Coons must lay low and
keep dark.

Whig Testimony as to the Whig Candidate.

The following summary is from the Natchiz
Free Trader:

Who charged Henry Clay with making a cor-
rupt bargain with John Quincy Adams?

Answer. John Bell, (Harrison's Secretary of
War,) Ephraim A. Foster, (Whig Senator in
Congress,) and George E. Badger, of North Car-
olina, (Harrison's Secretary of the navy.)

Who endorsed the charge? The Legislature
of Tennessee; John P. Kennedy, Reverdy John-
son, Senator Merrick, and many of the most dis-
tinguished Whigs of Maryland and the Union.
When the whig papers renounce this charge as
false, they nail the falsehood down upon their
own leaders.

Who charged Mr. Clay with setting up a dic-
tatorship in the capitol, a caucus power to con-
trol legislation and embarrass the executive?—
Wm. C. Rives, the whig Senator from Virginia.

Who charged Mr. Clay with attempting to o-
verthrow the constitution to promote his own
views? Thomas F. Marshall, the whig Represen-
tative in Congress of Mr. Clay's own district.

Who said that Mr. Clay had too many heresies
to deserve his support? Daniel Webster.

Who said that Henry Clay had treated him
with gross ingratitude in return for generous ser-
vices? Gen. Wm. H. Harrison.

Who says that Henry Clay is tampering with
the abolitionists, and wrote his Texas letter to
secure their support? Gen. Felix Houston, here-
to fore the strongest and most influential friend
Mr. Clay had in Mississippi.

Who charged Mr. Clay with urging on the du-
el which resulted in the death of Cilley? Hen-
ry A. Wise, a good Whig, whose course towards
Col. Polk, the Whigs are now applauding.—A-
merican.

HAPPY ENGLAND.—Professor Wright in his
letter from England in the Boston Chronicle, says
the farms held by the aristocracy and gentlemen
rent to farmers at from \$9 to \$24 an acre! So
great is the competition in bidding, there being
about 50 applications to every farm advertised to
rent. A week's wages of a stout laboring man,
will only buy one bushel of wheat. They feed
their children, who 'are quite plenty,' on bread
and pea soup—"meat seldom." This is the coun-
try that has such a holy horror of American slav-
ery!—American.

Inconsistency of Henry Clay.—He has been
for and against the United States Bank.

He has been for and against a high Protective
Tariff.

He has been for and against the Masonic frater-
nity.

He has been for and against a Military Chief-
tain for President.

THE BRITISH TORIES have im-
prisoned O'Connell, but only for twelve months,
and not a laborer among felons.

THE AMERICAN WHIGS have imprisoned
Gov. Dorr, at hard labor, among thieves and
burglars, AND FOR LIFE.

It was said long ago, that one renegade is
worse than ten Turks. Here we have an illus-
tration of it.

The bastard whigs of this country, surpass
the british tories in malignity, as much as the
cowboys of the Revolution did the British regu-
lars.—Maine Eagle.

PASS IT ROUND.—That the Whigs are op-
posed to the "One Day Election Law," be-
cause it would do away with the infamous sys-
tem of PIPE-LAYING, which they hope a-
gain to succeed as they did in 1840. Pass it
round also, that a Democratic House of Rep-
resentatives passed the bill, but a Whig Senate
rejected it.—New Bedford Register.

Learned Doctors sometimes disagree.
George Evans contends that the tariff reduces
to the consumer.

John Quincy Adams says that "The Doc-
trine that duties of impost *cheapen* the price of
articles upon which they are levied, seems to
conflict with the dictates of common sense."

Who is right? John Q. Adams or George
Evans?

FARMERS READ THIS!

Henry Clay, in a letter of Messrs. Branham
and Bledsoe, of Georgia, under date of July
8th, 1843 said:

**AGRICULTURE NEEDS NO
PROTECTION.**

We can easily imagine the dismay and
disappointment of the leading federalists in this
County at the renunciation of Dr. Mann. It
will require the greatest efforts of the whigs to
keep their party together. Let the democrats
take hold now, and nothing can save the federal
party.—Vindicator.

AN EXPLOSION COMING!—We understand
that the articles which appeared in the Madis-
onian, reflecting severely upon the character of
Henry Clay, and were published while Mr.
Webster was Secretary of State, *anonymously*,
are to appear again, shortly, with the author's
name attached viz;—"DANIEL WEB-
STER."—B Post.

In 1843 the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer
the especial organ of Mr. Clay, used the follow-
ing language in respect to the present tariff:—
Our Tariff is too high for the best interests of
the country—HIGHER FAR HIGHER THAN MR.
CLAY RECOMMENDED OR APPROVES; and be-
yond all question public opinion will compel its
modification!"

Mr Polk is said to be a duellist who has killed
his man.—Bangor Whig.

The Whig has not yet corrected his false-
hood.

HOW A HIGH OR LOW TARIFF AFFECTS PRICES.

John Quincy Adams, in his report to manu-
facturers, in 1832, had placed that matter in its
true light—

The doctrine that duties of impost *cheapen*
the price of the articles upon which they are
levied, seems to conflict with the first dictates
of common sense. But its supporters first ap-
peal with confidence to the fact that most of
the articles upon which additional duties were
levied, by the tariff of 1823 have, since that
time, considerably fallen in price; and then ar-
gue that it must be so by the excitement of com-
petition in the market. It is certainly contrary
to the natural course of things, that an addition
to the cost should be a reduction in the price
of the article. The price of any article in the
market must always depend upon the relative
condition of demand and supply, at this time
or place, of sale. But every slight variations
of time or place, affect often to a very great ex-
tent, the relative proportion of the demand and
supply; and consequently, the price of the ar-
ticle. No safe conclusion can be drawn from the
fact, that subsequent to the tariff of 1823,
the prices of the article upon which the duties
were then increased have fallen, unless from
other circumstances it can be shown that the in-
crease of the duty was the cause of the fall in
price, nor will it be sufficient to prove a strange
paradox, to account for it by the excitement
of competition. Wherever there is a profitable
market, there will be competition. Had the
tariff of 1823 never been enacted, the competi-
tion in our markets would have been as
great, and would have been as effectual to re-
duce the prices, as it has been with the aggra-
vation of duties.

But the duty upon the article imported from
abroad enables the domestic producer to enter
into competition with the importer from abroad.
So long as this competition continues, the duty
operates as a *bounty or premium* to the domes-
tic manufacturer. But by whom is it paid? Certainly
by the purchaser of the article, whether
of foreign or domestic manufactures. The
duty constitutes a part of the price of the whole
mass of the articles in the market. It is sub-
stantially paid upon the article of domestic man-
ufacture, as well as upon that foreign production.
Upon one it is a bounty, upon the other a bur-
den: and the repeal of the tax must operate
as an equivalent reduction of the article, whether
foreign or domestic.

PROSPECT IN OHIO.—Extract from a letter
dated July 18, 1844.—our political campaign
advances finely—the democracy are in great
spirits, and their prospects throughout the state,
are of the most cheering character. I have
never before seen any thing like the deep feeling
and enthusiasm which every where pervades
our ranks. On all sides, and from all quarters
I am in the most constant receipt of the most
cheering intelligence. Thousands who joined
in the whig ranks of 1840, have come out open-
ly, renounced them, and are now working man-
fully for Polk, and Dallas, and Tod—many are
silent, but will go with us. The whigs appear
discomfited and broken. They can raise no
stir or enthusiasm. Their meetings are the
most miserable mawkish affairs you can well
imagine. Ohio is safe—I have no fears. The
abolitionists are divided.—N. Y. Post.

Mexican war upon Texas.—The new Or-
leans Courier of the 27th ult. publishes an ad-
dress from Gen. Wall to President Houston,
dated June 9th, informing him of the recom-
mencement of hostilities against Texas. Gen.
Wall states that the delay accorded by the
supreme government is the armistice concluded the
15th of February having expired, he is instructed
by President Santa Anna to communicate in-
telligence that hostilities have recommenced
from the 11th of June. Gen Wall adds that
his government has seen with well founded in-
dignation the perfidious conduct of Texas, in
violating the conditions of the armistice respect-
ing the commissioners, who, according to the
fourth article of said armistice, were bound to re-
pair to the city of Mexico, in order to regulate
the differences between the two countries, as
far as practicable; that President Santa Anna
thinks the honor and dignity of the nation re-
quire chastisement for such discreditable con-
duct and that, though blood may flow, justice is
on the side of Mexico, and the fortune of war
could not but be favorable to those who fight
for their country against usurpers.

Pork can be had at \$6.81 but there are
but few buyers.—Jour. of Com. July 9th.

Henry Clay made a famous speech just prior
to the last presidential election and said among
other things,—"Let it be known that General
Harrison is elected and confidence will be re-
stored, the wages of labor and the price of pro-
duce will immediately rise." At the very mo-
ment Pork was selling freely for \$14.75 the
barrel.—Detroit Free Press.

The following is a fair specimen of whig en-
thusiasm in these days. It is from the North-
ampton Democrat—"A whig meeting was
held on the steps of the town hall in Eastampton,
a few evenings since. Three whigs were pres-
ent. One acted as chairman, and the other
two appointed themselves as delegates to the
Worcester convention."

The coon gathering in Saco was a dead
failure. So general report says.

The Charleston Mercury gives a rumor that
Mr. Huger is to retire from the U. S. Senate
and proposes Mr. Calhoun as his successor.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT ON RAIL ROAD.—We
learn by a gentleman who came through this af-
ternoon in the cars from the East, that a train
was leaving Dover, a little girl in attempting to
cross the track, was caught by the engine. The
train passed over her and served one of her
limbs from her body, and otherwise dreadfully
mangled her. She was alive when the train left,
but no hopes were entertained of her recovery.
—Lowell Courier.

Gov. Morton declines being a candidate.—
We perceive by the Bristol County Democrat,
that Gov. Morton declines being a candidate for
the office of Governor at the present canvass,
and expresses his determination to retire alto-
gether from public life.

WOOL.—A farmer went to the manufacturer
with his wool, recently to exchange it for cloth,
which he had been in a habit of doing for sev-
eral years. He was surprised to learn al-
though wool is higher than it was last year, he
had to give a half a pound more of it for a yard
of cloth. "By golly," said he, muttering to him-
self in his way home, "I don't see how these
tariff folks figure it up!"—Belknap Gazette.

NORTH CAROLINA ELECTION.
Returns have been received from only about
one third of the State, but they are sufficient to
warrant the belief that the whigs have carried
the State, as was expected.

ASSURD.—The Waldo Signal published a
Belfast Me. professes to be devoted to literature,
morality, &c. &c. and yet upholds Henry Clay,
a swearer, gambler, Sabbath-breaker, whore-
monger, duellist and slaveholder.—Morality—
eh?—Chronicle.

PENNSYLVANIA.—As the day of election ap-
proaches, the Democracy of Pennsylvania are a-
wakening to the importance of a thorough or-
ganization of its forces, and of being otherwise pre-
pared to assert the ascendancy they have hitherto
maintained. The Harrisburg Union says:
"The spirit of the people is fully manifested
by the number, magnitude, and enthusiasm of
the Democratic meetings which are almost daily
taking place in almost every section of the State.
The Democratic nominees are wholly unexcep-
tional, and will rally a vote in the good old
"Keystone" State, unequalled in any previous
contest."

TEXAS contains 318,000 square miles which
is full as large as the States of Virginia, South
Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Lou-
isiana combined. These States have now a
population of about 4,000,000—which number
Texas will reach in less than ten years.

OHIOANS.—The Louisville Democrat says:—
"The canvass spread across the street on Sat-
urday evening to help glorify the Whig procession,
had written on it, 'Protection,' but it had to be
taken down to let the ship pass. Protection, as
usual, stood in the way of commerce and had to
come down."

In Otis, Me., on the 12th inst Mr. Aaron
Saulsbury, was instantly killed by lightning,
leaving a large family in needy circumstances.

READ THIS.
Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

THE virtues of these Pills are now cheerfully
and universally acknowledged by their great popularity
and extensive circulation, and few who pursue this article will
be found unacquainted with some proofs of their real excellence,
and many will be ready to add the testimonials of their own ex-
perience in favor of this delightful medicine.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS
are designed to ASSIST NATURE in restoring the various
organs to a healthy action, by CLEANSING the Stomach and
bowels, and PURIFYING the whole System from those mor-
bid and corrupt humors which in most cases are the cause of
disease, and thus give to the patient health for sickness, and
cheerfulness for despondency.

The unparalleled success which has attended the use of these
Pills has introduced some unprincipled persons to manufacture
a SPURIOUS ARTICLE, which they endeavor to palm on
the unsuspecting as the GENUINE MEDICINE, hence the im-
portance of purchasing only of the regular advertised Agents.
N. B. Remember Thomas Crocker is the only regular
authorized Agent for the sale of the above invaluable medicine
in this Village, and do not purchase elsewhere, if you would be
sure of obtaining the GENUINE MEDICINE.—in 24

DIED.
In Lowell, on Sunday, Aug 4th, of bilious fever, Miss
Julia Ann Knox, of Peru, in this county, aged 18 years.

In Lowell, July 22, Levi Jackson, aged 26 years, for-
merly of this town, of the measles.

In Canton, Mary Ella, aged 18.
In Readfield, Mrs. Sally Keniston.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.
WILLIAM Ignas Wendling, Junior, and Joseph
Wendling of Turner, in the county of Oxford
State of Maine, on the twenty-ninth day of Decem-
ber, A. D. 1837, by their deed of mortgage of that date,
which is recorded with Oxford Records, Book 53, page

TO A LADY ON THE RECEIPT OF A FORGET-ME-NOT.

I cannot boast one spell to break
Oblivion's stern decree;
In kindness, then, sometimes vouchsafe
A gentle thought to me.

If poverty, as it is said, makes us acquainted

* It was very strange that our friend should

she muttered something, in which the words "pride and conceit of some people, who pretended to lose their purses, and were deserted by other people, whom she was sure were not better than they should be," were audible, as she hurried to the coach, the driver of which was loudly vociferating that he would leave her behind, if she did not instantly take her seat. The young bride was so fearful of being left alone for three hours in the waiting room, and

Mexico, July 17th, 1844. 11

DIXFIELD-VILLAGE, MAINE.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.